

WHAT EVERY WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW—THINGS THAT INTEREST MAID AND MATRON

ELLEN ADAIR SEES KNIGHTLY CHIVALRY IN ICE MAN'S ACT

His Gallant Attentions Surprise While They Sustain Her in New Disappointment—Seeking Employment.

XII.
The knightly chivalry of ancient days is still alive, I think, though people often say it died long years ago. Some say the suffragettes at home have ended it, with their wild raids and strange destructive schemes. I do not think that is the case—it still must live.

I know the spirit of a Galahad shone in that ice man's kindly face. He drove me to the nearest boarding house and rang the bell.

We must have looked a curious combination. He and I. The woman at the door eyed me suspiciously. She gazed at the ice man in an odd surprise. "Did you come here on that?" she asked.

The ice man moved to lift my luggage down.

"You need not bring that trunk inside this hall," said she. "We have no room here, anyhow," and closed the door. I felt as if a ball of ice cold water had been thrown on me. I was at a new London boarding school that actually did happen, and I had the same sensation now as then. It was the funniest thing, that ancient episode. On Sunday mornings we were obliged to change in one long corridor, two by two, quite on the scheme of Noah's Ark—and always passed beneath the windows of Guy's Hospital. Among the medical students there was one gay youth who from afar cast amorous eyes upon the prettiest scholar in the school. Nay, more, he wrote her daily tender, sentimental notes, until one day a German fraulein accepted them. Exit the prettiest girl from that prim boarding school!

The would-be medical was sadly daunted by this sudden strange reverse. This fortune's twist from tender dalliance to tragedy. He plotted cold revenge upon that placid Teuton's head. Beneath the windows of Guy's Hospital, once more, he had the bucket ready, filled with ice-cold water. On Fraulein's military tongue he cast an angry, vengeful cry. "The misadventure!" Upon my innocent head the floods from heaven broke. For Germany's misdeeds poor England suffered!

THE GALLANT ICEMAN.
I had the same sensation once again that evening when the door slammed shut upon the gallant ice man and myself.

We clambered on his wagon once again and tried another boarding house—also in vain! I must sign an agreement to stay there one week at least, and pay \$5 in advance. So on we moved.

At length we reached a cheap hotel, which made no difficulty in taking me. I thought it was a dreary looking place, but glad I was to rest.

I thanked my kindly ice man, and he stood there fumbling with his hat. He was a well-dressed, stylish youth, so different from that class of workmen at home. "Good-night," said he, as I held out my hand to bid him thanks and an adieu. "Maybe I wouldn't like to have a date with you? Maybe I wouldn't like to be thought of as a steady fellow?"

To "have a date"—what could he mean? He must be offering some fruit to me. "Good-night," said he, as I turned away. "I know you are a steady man," I said. "I'm sure you're splendid at your work. I won't take anything to eat, though, thank you. They'll get me supper when I go inside. Good night."

"Good-night!" he said, with a strange emphasis on each. It sounded like a new slang word to me. "Good-night! Ah! the girls' oddest funniest word!" he said. "I was so tired, and thirsty, and at such times an Englishwoman's standby is a cup of tea. Alas, alas! for rosy hopes of the 'cup' which was doing 'scoring' work in my memory."

That night I slept my soundest sleep for many a day. For what cost? None. I thought that disappointments bring a greater physical exhaustion in their train than any more bodily effort ever could.

THE NEXT MORNING.
Next morning, I woke early to a blazing day. I used to love the sunlight as it gently shone on English woods and fields.

It made the little weakly things—people and plants—grow big and strong. The old folks at the cottage doors sat in the sunlight all day long. But this fierce glaring sun hurts and destroys the weakly things. The people and plants grow thin and shriveled. The great strong men mon their wet foreheads wearily.

Strange insects buzzed around my room. In that hotel, for I had drawn the window down from the top, I soon found out what a mosquito bite is like!

I breakfasted, then sat wrapped in deep thought, revery, and musing. My assets now were but \$1 in the world, good health and a courageous heart—and if that failed? It must not fail. It should not fail.

"I am the Master of my Fate!" I said. "I am the Captain of my Soul!" I said courageously. "This tide must surely turn for me, and I shall work so hard, I must!"

Next, I then planned a sort of working scheme. A private secretaryship to me seemed most attractive. Such posts must be quite plentiful in this great city. I fondly pictured a nice residential post, with pleasant occupation, pleasant hours.

My letter soon must reach my new address, and, anyhow, I would request his new address be given me at the general post-office. Thither I set off hopefully. Another disappointment awaited me. "None open," with no present address given. "Was all that they could tell me. I asked them to direct me to the nearest employment agency, and which strangely disconnected me. How many years of experience as a stenographer he behind you? None!"

AT THE EMPLOYMENT AGENCY.
It was a long, low room, and at a desk a stern-faced woman sat, with two assistants close behind. On a long row of chairs were three women workers of all ages, all with a dull and apathetic look. To me there was a pathos in that room. In their strained, anxious faces. Would I ever grow to be like one of these? Ah, no!

When my turn came, I found I must pay a dollar to enrol my name upon their books. The stern-faced woman then inquired what I could do. She had a clear and penetrating eye which strangely disconnected me. I know she summed me up as "inefficient" at a glance. Her voice was like her eye, most penetrating, and ran through me like a hot iron.

"A private secretaryship," said she. "Upon my word, you don't mind aiming high? What college degree do you now hold? How many years of experience as a stenographer he behind you? None!"



MRS. RUDOLPH BLANKENBURG
Who discusses the question of the woman worker.

DEAR, dear! What machines can you operate? The usual ones, I suppose, such as the Remington, Monarch, Underwood? What? You can't type-write at all! What shorthand speed have you? Oh, none at all! Can you keep books? You know the routine of office work, of course? Well, well, you'll never get a secretarial position here! Take my advice and go into a store—or be a cook, it pays quite well.

"I cannot cook," I murmured faintly. "If I were you I'd go right home and learn something useful before I came out looking for employment here." He turned to the next applicant in that long, tired line.

A great loneliness came over me and seemed to swamp all my embarrassment. Dejectedly, I turned and left that dreary place alone.

PLUCKY AMERICAN GIRL EARNS MONEY TO FLEE WAR ZONE

Safe in London, Art Student Refuses Aid After Helping Refugees on the Continent.

LONDON, Sept. 26.
Miss Samilla L. Jameson, a young girl who has been studying art in Vienna, has arrived in London from The Hague— penniless and alone—but in every other respect unique among the thousands of American refugees who have arrived in London during the last two months.

For Miss Jameson not only does not demand that the American Relief Committee supply her with means to reach her home in Logansport, Ind., but refuses to accept assistance from any source.

"I shall earn my way home or stay here until I have done so," she said. She earned her way from Vienna, B. D. H. from Berlin to The Hague and from The Hague to London.

"There were enough people who really cared," she said, "to help me. I was not alone. I was surrounded by intelligent Americans taking advantage of the wholehearted generosity of volunteer committees, so I just told them I'd work for the committee until I had earned enough to get me out of Europe."

"After I'd earned my passage to Berlin I went there and offered my services to Major Ryan in charge of the American Committee. He was very short-handed, especially in the last baggage department, so I jumped in and helped try to locate thousands of trunks that were scattered from one end of the German Empire to the other."

"After two weeks in Berlin things had cleared up sufficiently to warrant my leaving and paying my fare to The Hague, where I found the American Committee even worse off for assistants."

"Assistant Secretary of War Breckinridge gave me a job for three days. I worked from 8 a. m. till 10 at night. My chief job was doing 'scoring' work."

"A great many wealthy Americans in Vienna refused to believe conditions were going to become very serious so far as food was concerned, and had settled down to stay until the war was over."

"Secretary Breckinridge had urgent orders to force every American to get away. He made me a deputy to convince those scoffers that they'd better 'get out.'"

"Consequently I had to stay at The Hague ten days helping the committee. This fixed me so I could get to London—and here I am."

Miss Jameson, however, is confident that "something will turn up," and declares she can earn steady passage to New York without difficulty. She must accept to leave her baggage in her circumstances.

HOUSEWIVES' EQUILIBRIUM MAY PREVENT RISE IN SUGAR
Wholesalers Attribute Price Advances To Unusual Volume of Purchases.

Housewives of Philadelphia may prevent a further rise in the cost of sugar, according to wholesale grocers here, by refusing to listen to advice to buy now and wait for a rise in the price of the commodity. There will be no advance in the price unless it is forced by the consumers, the wholesale men say.

Sugar yesterday was selling at 7 cents, a drop of a half cent in the last three days. The recent spectacular advance in the price of the commodity has been due largely to the housewives, according to the wholesale men. Consumers follow advice to buy in large quantities and thus cause a demand that forces up the price.

Francis H. Reeves, Jr., of Reeves, Parvin & Co., wholesale grocers, of 118 South Delaware avenue, and Conley, Flanagan & Co., 115 South Delaware avenue, subscribed to the suggestions. At the office of the latter firm the opinion was expressed that there is no danger of any appreciable rise in the near future.

MRS. BLANKENBURG DEPLORES THE WAR AS IRREPARABLE EVIL

Men Killed in Battle Flower of Race—Women Conservators of Peace—Work the Key to Happiness.

Mrs. Rudolph Blankenburg, wife of the Mayor of Philadelphia, has returned to town after two months spent at her country home in Pocono Pines, followed by a fortnight in September at Atlantic City.

On the devastation and suffering of warfare Mrs. Blankenburg holds decided views. "I think this war, as war, is a terrible thing," said she, "and I know that when the women of the world are consulted there will be more peace. It is a stock argument of the anti-suffragists that women cannot fight, but the anti-suffragists overlook the fact that it is the women who produce the fighters. I know many mothers who want their children to go and fight for their country, but I believe that the majority of women hate the very idea of warfare. When women have a voice in the Government it will be far more difficult to have war." Personally, when I think of the widows and orphans left I can find no excuse nor apology for it.

"One of the worst features about war," continued Mrs. Blankenburg earnestly, "is that the hale and hearty young men, who before he is accepted by the army authorities, must see well and be well, and have a fine physique, is being killed, while the lame and the blind and the feeble stay at home to be the fathers of the next generation. That is the vital point in this war—war weakens a nation so much."

Mrs. Blankenburg has just given up the vice presidency of the General Federation of Women Workers, as she finds she cannot devote the necessary time to it this winter.

"Do you think the woman worker is the happiest?" she asked.

"I think that every man and woman, no matter whether they are rich or poor, should do some work to insure their own happiness and growth," said the Mayor's wife. "It gives them a wider outlook in every way. No matter who earns their own living, it is hard work. It is a difficult thing to get started in a way of comfortably earning a living. So long as women have to earn their own living this evolution is making it easier for them to be properly prepared and equipped for the struggle. So long as women do go out of the home to work, they cannot be too well equipped."

"Do you think the very rich woman works as hard as the average middle-class worker, who earns her own living?" she asked.

"There are a great many kinds of work," said Mrs. Blankenburg. "A great many rich women who are supposed to lead easy, leisured lives, work harder than many a poor woman. You cannot live in luxury and elegance without having a good deal of care along with it."

"Do you think there is as much happiness among the poor as among the rich?" she asked.

"I think," said Mrs. Blankenburg, "that poor people, provided they are not actually hungry or in want, have as much chance to be happy as the rich. In fact, I think the man or woman who has a comfortable home and a little money in the bank is infinitely happier than the one who keeps anxiously counting his millions."

"I should like," she continued, "as a suffragist, to express my gratification that the Ladies' Home Journal had so prominently an editorial in its September number, this editorial stating that it would be well for women to get ready for the ballot."

NORWAY NEEDS FOODSTUFFS
Agent Investigating Conditions Here Says Country Depends on America.

Wilhelm Bjornstad, representing a Christiana, Norway, mercantile house, today is investigating conditions in Philadelphia for the shipment of foodstuffs abroad, according to his statement at the Bellevue-Stratford.

Bjornstad says the war in Europe makes it necessary not only for the nations in conflict, but Norway and Sweden to look to this country for food. Norway alone, said Bjornstad, could use two per cent. of this country's rice crop. He defends the right of Germany, as well as that of other countries, to come here for foodstuffs.

CONNECTICUT METHODISTS CELEBRATE
HARTFORD, Conn., Sept. 26.—Methodists of Connecticut today celebrated the anniversary of the founding of Methodism in this State at Stratford in 1790.

WHIMS AND NEEDS PROMPT CHILDREN IN QUITTING SCHOOL

35 Seek Sanction to Terminate Education—"I Should Worry," Girl Explains. "Father Dead," Another.

Eighteen boys and seventeen girls applied today at the headquarters of the Bureau of Compulsory Education, 1522 Cherry street, for legal permission to terminate their school careers and begin work in the stores or factories. Several of the children were questioned as to the causes which made them ask for labor certificates. The answers were remarkable.

The first applicant was a little girl, whose own face indicated she had never known any other condition than poverty and that heavy responsibilities had checked her normal development.

"My father was killed in a railroad accident," she stammered, "and ever since that time my mother has had a hard time of it. She worked last year as a scrubmaid in an office building, but the doctor told her that if she didn't want to die and leave us kids all alone she'd better give up that job. So she did. And now Jimmie, that's my oldest brother, who always made good money working in a silk mill, is only working half time, and it's up to me to go to work."

Edward G., a robust lad of 16, apparently was delighted over his prospects. "Either I was dumb or else I was lazy," he confessed. "Anyhow, I never was a good student. Half the time I didn't get promoted, and my father thinks I'd be better off at work. My mother thinks so, too, and my uncle says I'll make a good mechanic. I was always handy with nails and hammers and things like that. I can make furniture, and nobody ever taught me, either."

"When anything gets broken around the house I can fix it. So I'm going to work as a carpenter's apprentice. I'm going to get \$1 a week and I am going to pay a dollar board every week, too. Maybe I ain't glad."

"TEACHER A TYRANT."
I am going to quit school because I don't like my teacher," was the answer of a plump, snub-nosed little girl. "She always had a spite on me and she knows it, too. When anything went wrong she always blamed it on me. She said I didn't tell the truth and I was stupid and I was always coming to school late and I had dirty hands and that I never studied, and, oh, you ought to hear all the nasty things she used to say about me. But I don't care. I am going to quit, and now I wonder who she's going to pick at. I have a job as a cash girl."

"I should worry," exclaimed a more optimistic girl. "I got a job in a ribbon factory, and maybe they'll like me and give me a raise and maybe they won't. Maybe I won't like them and then I'll quit. I'm going to take a chance. I should worry."

"Pop says if I want spending money I'll have to work for it," was the reason given by 14-year-old Charles L. "He says if I'm hanging out coin to me all the time and if I want to go to movies I can earn the money for it. He got me a good job at \$5 a week in a stocking mill."

HARD TIMES, BOY'S REASON.
"I ain't got a job yet," confided Samuel T. "but I'll have to go to work. Hard times has struck our house and my father and oldest brother are out of work. So I guess I have a right to earn something for the family. I'm half glad I'm going to quit school, because when I'm working I can go out at nights, but I'm sorry that I'll have to quit my education. They say you can't ever amount to anything without an education. Anyhow, the teacher gave me some old books to keep and when I get time after I have a job I am going to read up on 'em."

Henry R. had decided upon an experiment. "I am going to quit school for a while, anyway," he said, "and I think I'll go to work as an office boy. If I'll stick and if I don't I'll go back to school. I'm young yet and I'm plenty time to try things out. When he's tired of being a poor fellow, he'll follow me and tell me I'm too young for that yet."

All of the applicants were between the ages of 14 and 18. Children younger than that could leave school and children who have attained their 16th birthday are not required to obtain labor certificates. Remarkable differences were noted in the height of the youths. Some were six feet tall and another, who stood near him, measured but little more than the average child of 8.

OPEN-AIR WINTER SCHOOL TO BEGIN SECOND YEAR
Students in Eskimo Garb to Study and Live Outdoors.

The Phebe Anna Thorne Open Air Model School, the Bryn Mawr College institution which is expected to revolutionize elementary education, will reopen for its second year of fifteen students each. There will be two additional studies, modeling and nature study, which will broaden the already advanced courses.

This year a second class of fifteen girls will be included. Dr. Castro will continue as head of the school. She will have as co-teacher Miss Anna W. Clark, nature study; Miss Frances Brown, geography and history; Dr. Kate Gordon, arithmetic and mechanical drawing.

During the school year the students, housed in Eskimo suits, live and study in the open air. Last year's class, which returns for second-year work, was wonderfully healthy and developed a surprising capability for advanced study.

KAISERIN SOOTHES PANGS OF WOUNDED, VISITING EACH COT
"Kinder, Kirche Und Kuche" Replaced by Practical Hospital Service—Example Inspires Berlin Women to Fortitude.

BERLIN, Sept. 26.
No small part of the fortitude with which the women of Germany are bearing the hardships of war is due to the inspiring example of the Kaiserin Augusta Victoria, who is practically giving her whole time to the work of visiting the sick and wounded soldiers.

She has given up her residence at Potsdam Palace, where she usually spends this time of the year when in town, and is living with her daughter-in-law, Princess Elise-Friedrich, in the quiet little Bellevue Palace, just off the Tiergarten.

Every morning a severely plain, gray motorcar, not bearing the Imperial standard which usually flutters from automobiles occupied by members of the Imperial family, draws up before the palace door, and the Kaiserin steps in with one of her ladies in waiting. Frequently she is accompanied either by Crown Princess Cecilie, Princess August Wilhelm, Princess Elise-Friedrich, or her daughter, Princess Victoria Louise, now Duchess of Brunswick.

Flowers for soldiers.
The car is filled with huge baskets of cut flowers, intended for distribution among the soldiers.

The military hospitals in Berlin are widely scattered over the large area from the garbisons at Doberitz in the north, west to hospital sheds which have been erected on Tempelhofer Feld. To visit even a part of them in the course of a week would be impossible, but the Kaiserin is untiring and conscientiously endeavors to visit not only every hospital, but every cot.

When there is not time to finish with a hospital in the morning, she comes back the next day, beginning her visit where it left off, in order that no single soldier will be disappointed. No soldier fails to receive a keepsake in the form of a flower, and it is pathetic to see the care with which the wounded men treasure these souvenirs of her coming.

However busy the day, she usually finds time for a few words with every man. Another member of the royal family who is indefatigable in helping the Red Cross and the work of other relief organizations is the Crown Princess Cecilie, whose immense popularity among all classes has been immeasurably increased by her hard, self-sacrificing work in behalf of the poor and relatives of the men in the field.

PRINCESS BENEVOLENT.
Just as the Kaiserin has devoted herself especially to the wounded soldiers, the Crown Princess has made the fatherless families the subject of her special care, and people's kitchens opened in various parts of Berlin owe their success in the small measure to the energy with which she has thrown herself into the work.

She often calls herself for a plate of soup and bread, distributed in generous portions at the price of 10 pfennings a plate; not infrequently on busy days she has made her own midday meal upon the regular kitchen fare.

Following her example, many of the richest and most fashionable women of Germany have gone to work with a will to help the relief societies, and the spectacle of a lady of high title, with her sleeves rolled up, ladling out bowls of soup for hours at a time, is no longer a novelty.

PRODUCE PRICES NOT AFFECTED BY WEATHER
Housewives Told by Dealers That Costs Have Not Risen.

The fears of many housewives here that the recent drought, coupled with sudden changes in weather, would so affect the crops of fruits and vegetables as to bring about a raise in prices were dispelled by inquiry among the fruit and produce dealers and growers today.

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"The fruit crops," said a prominent Dock street dealer, who expressed the general feeling, "with the possible exception of apples and pears, have been picked, and tree crops are not as a rule very much affected by weather, anyway. Peaches have been poor ever since the beginning of the season, but there have been plenty of them and prices have not been very high accordingly."

"As for vegetables, there have never been so many of them and they have not been so cheap for a long time. It is true that tomatoes have been scarce and high, but to offset this there is an abundance of onions, cucumbers and the like selling for less than the cost of raising them."

DANCING
PALACE BALLROOM
39th and Market
OPENS WEDNESDAY NIGHT, SEPTEMBER 30

Receptions every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday evening, with largest orchestra. Admission, ladies, 35c; gentlemen, 50c; children, 25c. Including wardrobe.

MODERN DANCE CLASSES
Every Tuesday and Thursday evening, with largest orchestra.

Admission, 25 Cents
A courteous staff of golf assistants to assist during the instruction and practice.

CHAS. J. COLL'S
Corner 38th and Market Streets
Beginners' and Dancers' Class in the Modern Dances
Tuesday & Friday, \$1 Per Month
Polite Assemblies, Mon. and Sat.

Watch This Column for the Opening of Our Branch School, 40th and Market Streets

Two Thousand People Wanted TO ATTEND THE OPENING OF THE PALACE BALLROOM
39th and Market Streets
Wednesday Night, Sept. 30th

REDUCTION SALE—
Just 3 Days Remaining
After September 30th you will be unable to get suits made at these special prices.

\$35 & \$40 \$20
Suits, overcoats, hats, shoes, etc. Imported fabrics, now in stock.

SMART COATS
Reg. \$15
Now \$10
Fit, style and workmanship guaranteed. Full and winter woolens, all the latest fashions.

ORIGINAL
S. BERMAN
Ladies' Tailor
924 Chestnut Street

Miss Cunningham
Showing a collection of smart Tailored Suits, Gowns and Afternoon Frocks for the ultra-fashionable.

1603 Walnut Street
Philadelphia



Child's frock of striped material with sash and plaiting of silk.

ACROSS THE COUNTER

The output of inexpensive gloves that are, nevertheless, very good looking, appears to increase to meet an increasing demand.

There is a glove of a woven material called leatherette that requires very close inspection to distinguish it from dooskin or suede.

These leatherette gloves in grays and tans are sold for 50 cents a pair. A very good quality of street gloves, with one clasp each, is sold in the 12-button length for \$1.

Children's chamollette gloves in chamol color and gray and tan cost 30 cents a pair.

These gloves wash very well, and it is advised by the dealers to use cold or tepid water rather than hot and to let them lie in newspapers instead of rubbing them too vigorously.

So far there seems to be no very great increase in price in the staple kid gloves. A pair of these in place of the old ones with one clasp each for \$1 now. This is in the many shades of tan.

Another good glove at the same price is a dooskin in the different shades of gray.

Capeskin gloves for women and children are selling for \$1.25 a pair. These are a sensible glove for shopping and for school wear in the case of children.

The very smart dogskin glove, hand-sewn and of English make, costs \$3.50. At the same price there is a heavy dogskin glove with one clasp and with outer leatherette.

Whether or not the price of gloves will rise as the supply diminishes is a matter of conjecture on the one hand and conjecture on the other.

But even if the price remains stationary, there may come a time when kid gloves will be out of the market altogether, if the European war lasts for several years, as it is predicted that it will by many military men.

MOTHER SEEKS DAUGHTER
Margaret Patrick, 18 Years Old, Missing Nearly Six Months.

A woman in a two-room house in a court at the rear of 33 North American street appealed today for news of her eldest daughter, who left the home nearly six months ago. Since the girl's departure her father gave up the unending struggle to make ends meet and died, leaving the burden of supporting the other four daughters to his widow.

The woman is Mrs. Mary Patrick. She is 55 years old. The girl who disappeared is Margaret Patrick, 18 years old. Mrs. Patrick said today that she has almost given up hope of ever again seeing her girl.